

B-C

COLLEGE SONGS THAT ARE UNPRINTED (For obvious reasons)

Sherle R. Goldstone

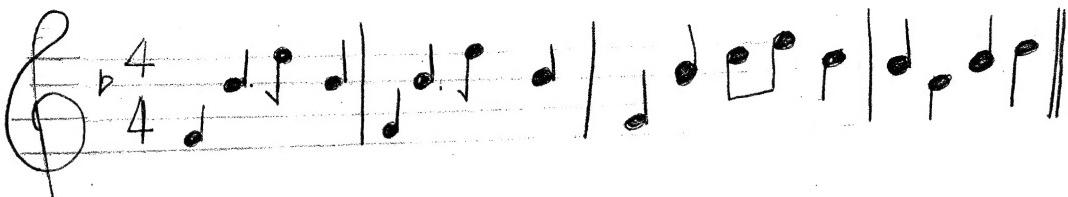
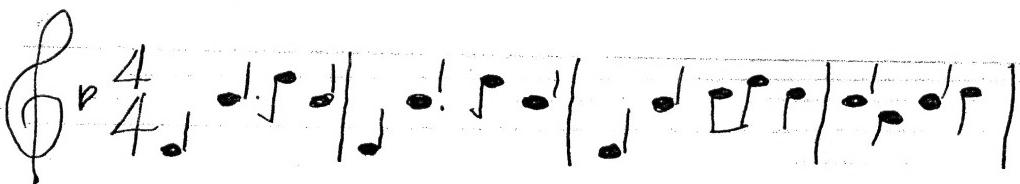
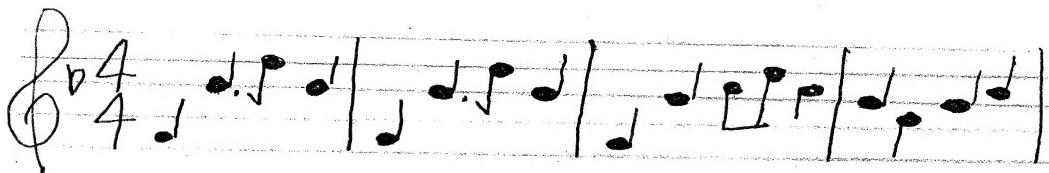
English 140

These songs are sung by college students, usually at social gatherings when there are no faculty members present. Since men's colleges are the places where this type of thing is sung, I've had a much more difficult time than I anticipated when I chose this topic for collections. Consequently, some of the words are indicated by dashes, because the men who were finally induced to sing them, very respectfully sang something like "da-dadely-da" when the word was such that they believed no "nice" girl should hear.

When we discussed my topic in conference, you said you would be absolutely shock-proof when you read this paper; therefore, with all due respect, I beg you to bear this in mind when reading these songs. They are, to the best of my knowledge, not printed, except, perhaps, on type-written sheets on the walls of fraternity houses, and are sung at college gatherings.

Incorrect notation

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK AS A HEARSE GOES BY?



DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK AS A HEARSE GOES BY?

Did you ever stop to think as a hearse rolls by
That sooner or later both you and I
Would drive right along in that same black hack
And never think about coming back?

-2-

And they'll lift you out,
And they'll lower you down,
And the men with their shovels will stand around,
And they'll throw in some dirt,
And they'll throw in some rocks,
And it will land with a thump on your old pine box.

-3-

The worms crawl in; the worms crawl out,
In through your nose and into your snout.
And they'll call in their friends,
And their friends' friends, too,
And you'll look like hell when they are through with you.

This is the Syracuse version as sung to me
by Rae Lerman Goldstone. The accompanying tune is sung
with both this version and R.P.I. version.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK AS A HEARSE ROLLS BY?

Did you ever stop to think as a hearse rolls by
That some fine day, both you and I
Would ride away in that coal-black hack
And never think of walking back.

-2-

Your eyes fall in; your teeth fall out,
The worms crawl over your chin and mouth.
You'll rot and mold, mold and decay,
A-waiting for your judgment day.

-3-

Perhaps some day you'll sail the deep,
And over you the shadows will creep.
They'll have no place to bury you down,
So they'll throw you in and let you drown.
The fish will eat the flesh from your bones,
And you'll sink right down to Davey Jones.

BONES!. BONES! BONES!

This cheerful song is sung by prospective engineers at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. They end it up by moaning "Bones! Bones! Bones!" Just a happy little touch. This was sung to me by Nathan Sutin.

PARODY ON "UM--DIDDILY--UM--BUM--BAY"

Ever since I came to college,
I've been overwhelmed with knowledge,
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay.
First of all I met a Sigma Chi;
Then I made a Beta Theta Pi.
For Phi Deltas, why all that I can say
is um-diddily-um-bum
Um-diddily-um-bum
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay!

-2-

Now I've reached my Sophomore glory
I'll continue with my story,
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay.
Second year I spent in Rensselaer
With a football-hero-engineer
Who made love in the original Deke house way.
Um-diddily-um-bum
Um-diddily-um-bum
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay!

-3-

Now I've reached my Junior year,
More of my story you shall hear,
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay.
For a year I chased a law-school man,
Tried to make or break into the chancery clan.
Till I met a Devil's Own one day,
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay, etc.

-4-

Now I've shown my education,
And my ratiocination.
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay.
Senior year I spent at Albany Med.
Nu Sigma Nu has gone right to my head.
Tell my doctor everything anyway.
Um-diddily-um-bum-bay, etc.

Sung to me by

Ruth Jenkins

State '35

OH, I HUGGED 'ER AND I KISSED 'ER

Oh, I hugged 'er and I kissed 'er in the moonlight,
And the moon shone bright as day.

Oh, I hugged 'er and I kissed 'er in the moonlight,
And the moon gave us away.

(Dog-gone that moon; dog-gone that moon!)

-2-

Oh, I hugged 'er and I kissed 'er on a park bench,
And the moon shone bright as day.

Oh, I hugged 'er and I kissed 'er on a park bench,
And the darn bench gave away.

(Dog-gone that bench; dog-gone that bench)

-3-

Oh, I hugged 'er and I kissed 'er by the seashore,
And the moon shone bright as day.

Oh, I hugged 'er and I kissed 'er by the seashore,
And the tide washed us away.

(Dog-gone that tide; dog-gone that tide!)

Sung by

Mary Hershey

State '37

This is to the tune of "In the Evening By the Moonlight".

I DON'T CARE IF IT RAINS OR FREEZES

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
I am safe in the arms of Jesus.
I am Jesus' little lamb.
Yes, by Jesus Christ, I am!

This is sung to the tune of "Rueben, Rueben."

Obtained from

Charles Tuck

Colgate '32

DOWN AMONG CAYUGA'S DITCHES

Down among Cayuga's ditches,

There's an awful smell.

Where 3,000 sons-of-(***)

Call themselves Cornell.

So lift our banner,

Speed it onward.

Loud our praises tell.

Hail all hail, old Union College.

Down to Hell with Cornell!

Obtained from Jack Tinkle

Union College '37

This is, of course, sung to the tune of
the Cornell Alma Mater.

WHAT A HELLUVA TEACHER I WILL BE

This is sung to the tune of Georgia Tech's "A Hell
of an Engineer."

What a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva teacher I will be!

What a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva teacher I will be!

For I'm a damn fine fellow, and I come from S.C.T.

What a helluva, helluva teacher State College made of me!

What the hell!

What the hell!

Toujours gaie,

We're swell!

To hell with all refinement,

We're as cultured as can be.

What a helluva, helluva teacher State College made of me!

Sung to me by

Elvina Lewis

State College '34

Tune for "NOW ALL YOU TROJAN MAIDENS!"

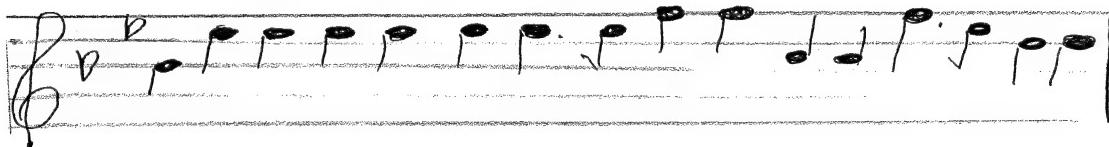
Also for "All You Little Girlies"

And for "The Game Was Played On Sunday"

Also for "Rooty-Toot, Rooty-Toot."

Also for "R.P.I. was R.P.I."

Also for "Ulio for Aye"



s
ate

A-ROOTY-TOOT

A-rooty-toot; A-rooty-toot!

We're the boys from the institute.

And we don't smoke, and we don't chew.

We just do things that nice boys do.

This is very funny and effective as it is sung by the men at R.P.I. in effeminate voices with much hip swaying and lisping.

Obtained from

Arnold Sanders

R.P.I.37

THE GAME WAS PLAYED ON SUNDAY

The game was played on Sunday
in St. Peter's yard.

Moses was the half-back,
And Jesus, he played guard.

The angels in the grandstand,

Oh Boy, how they did yell!

To see Jesus make the touchdown

To beat the team from Hell.

This is sung to the accompanying tune
at Cortland Normal School, and was sung to me by
Ruth Lerman, Cortland graduate of 1933.

NOW ALL YOU TROJAN MAIDENS

Now all you Trojan maidens, hearken to my plea.
Never trust an R.P.I. an inch above your knee.
For I trusted one, as you can plainly see,
And the son-of-a-gun, he left me
With a baby on my knee.
Oh, he was tall and hearty; I was frail but strong.
He said, "My little darling, I'll never do you wrong."
Now I've a wife in Philly, but I'll get a divorce."
So I listened to his tale of love, and
Now I'm a mother, of course.

Sung by

Arnold Sanders

R.P.I.'37

NOW ALL YOU LITTLE GIRLIES

The Syracuse version of the preceding song brands
the "Dekes" as being the "gay Lotharios" of the school.

Now all you little girlies,
Just take a tip from me.
Never trust a D.K.E. an inch above your knee.
'Cause I trusted one,
As you can plainly see,
And the son-of-a-gun left me,
With a son of a D.K.E.

Obtained from

Louis Hare

Syracuse University '32

R.P.I. WAS R.P.I.

Oh, R.P.I. was R.P.I. when Union was a pup,
And R.P.I.'ll be R.P.I. when Union's busted up.
And if these Union sons-of-(*****)
Stand around our walls,
I'll take them down beneath the gym,
And (**--**--**--**--**--**)

Sung to me (with apologies for the
omissions)

By Nathan Sutin

Ex-R.P.I. '33

CLIO SORORITY SONG

We wandered up to heaven to see what there was there.

The Clios were all seated around the foot of the
golden stair.

Some were smoking cigarettes,

And all were feeling gay.

Oh, they're all damn good friends of mine.

They're all Clio for Aye!

We wandered down to Hades

To see the poor lost souls.

The Alpha Delt's and Theta Phi's were roasting on
the coals.

The Arethuses' and Ago's sizzling had begun,

While the Clio's sat in velvet chairs

A-watching all the fun.

Ruth Lerman

Cortland Normal '33

I KNOW A BUM FRATERNITY.

I know a bum fraternity--Beta Theta Pi!

Take it from me, I couldn't be a Beta Theta Pi!

Their colors--they are pink and blue

A baby pink

And a baby blue--

Now doesn't that sound sweet to you?

Beta Theta Pi!

-2-

I know a bum fraternity--Beta Theta Pi!

Take it from me, I couldn't be a Beta Theta Pi!

They used to have some damned good men,

They haven't had any since God knows when,

Take it from me, I couldn't be

Beta Theta Pi!

This is the Deke's opinion at Union
College of Beta Theta Pi.

It is sung to the same tune that
the majority of college songs are sung to, "R.P.I. was
R.P.I."

ALPHA RHO SONG

There are no Alpha Rhos at Purdue,
There are no Alpha Rhos at Purdue,
So the Dekes, Phi Deltas, and Betas,
Neck the Kappa Alpha Thetas.
What a helluva situation at Purdue.

This is sung by the Alpha Rhos at
State College. The tune is that of "Hinky-Dinky
Parlez Vous".

Given me by

Ruth Jenkins

State '35

WOULD YOU LIKE ME ANY BETTER?

Would you like me any better
If I dressed like a Sigma Nu?
If I parted my hair like a Chi Psi,
Or I dressed like the Phi Deltas do?
If I danced just like a Phi Gam,
Put on airs like a Sigma Chi?
Or were a perfect lover
Like a Beta Theta Pi?

This is a favorite Union song among the fraternities, and is sung to the tune of "Wearing of the Green".

CAVIAR

X

Caviar is virgin sturgeon.

Virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.

If virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'

Then caviar's gonna be my dish.

This little verse is sung by
Union men over and over again. It is
sung to the tune of "Rueben, Rueben".

THE FACULTY OF RENSSLAER

This song is one of the older ones at R.P.I., but the person who sang it to me sang only the first and last verses. As I understand it, there is a verse written about every member of the R.P.I. faculty, but apparently, the middle verses were not for my ears. At least, I could induce no one to sing them. I am, nevertheless, writing the first and last verses as I heard them.

First Flash of sabers and rumble of drums
 Whoops, by Jesus, here they come!
 All dressed up like a bunch of bums!
 The faculty of Rensselaer.

Last Last in line is Ma Huntley
 Bouncing a baby on her knee.
 We wonder if the father could be
 The faculty of Rensselaer.

CHUG-A-LUG--CHUG-A-LUG
(The Rounder Song)

Here's to (Insert name here)
She's true blue,
She's a rounder through and through.
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

-2-

Here's to (Insert name here)
She's O.K.
Thinks she's going to Heaven, but she's going the
other way.
So drink chug-alug, chug-a-lug,
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

This is a State drinking song.

Any name desired is inserted in the toast,
and as the "drink chug-a-lug" begins, the
person who has been toasted lifts her glass
and drinks. The chug-a-lug continues until
"Bottoms Up". Then the next person is toasted.
This can go on far, far into the night, but it's
a pleasant little ditty, and if the crowd is
sufficiently versatile, some very clever verses
are sung.

GET OUT THAT OLD BLUE OINTMENT

This is one of the many college songs sung to tune of "The Old Gray Bonnet." This is one of the songs of Albany College of Pharmacy, and was sung to me by Isadore Margolius, Pharmacy '34.

Get out that old blue ointment
With the pink label on it,
And take a bath each morning every day.
Oh boy, how it itches,
But it kills the sons-of-guns,
So see your pharmacist today.

WE'RE A BUNCH OF PHARMACISTS

Another college song sung to the tune of the old favorite "The Old Gray Bonnet" is the following Pharmacy song:

We're a bunch of pharmacists

Pharmacists are we.

We hail from A.C.P.

Union University.

We're a bunch of pharmacists.

Pharmacists are we.

We'd rather drink than fight

For A.C.P.

It is repeated, substituting "love" for the word "drink" in the next to the last line. Then, singing it the third time, the fellows substitute just a long sigh for the word "love".

The Colgate version of the preceding song is not boasting its men at all. It is sung to the old stand-by "The Old Gray Bonnet". Shock-absorbers, again, please, Dr. Thompson.

We're a bunch of bastards,
Scum of the earth.

We hail from Colgate--
Rottenest dump in these United States.

We're a bunch of bastards,
Scum of the earth.

We'd rather (-----) than fight
For victory.

That is to another tune
a. n. u.

THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

This is a parody on the old Sigma Chi Fraternity Song "The Girl of My Dream" which was popularized a number of years ago. The parody is comparatively new.

The girl of my dreams has dyed her hair,

The color's a fiery red.

She drinks, and she smokes, and she tells dirty jokes.

She hasn't a brain in her head.

She knows the taste of alcohol.

Far better than you or I.

The girl of my dreams is not what she seems.

She's the sweetheart of six other guys.

FROM THE GLORIOUS HEIGHTS OF PROSPECT PARK

From the gloricus heights of Prospect Park
To the mud flats of Cohoes,
We will study hard--get drunk week-ends,
And the rest--God only knows.
We will drink to Troy's fair vifgins
We will drink to Troy's good beer
And without a doubt, someone will shout,
"Let us drink to Rensselaer."

-2-

When four or five long years have passed,
And we've finally cribbed our way,
We will all get drunk down at the port
To celebrate the day.
When the Prexy hands the sheepskins out,
We will all let out a cheer.
For we're going out of college,
And to hell with Rensselaer!

This is one of the favorites at
R.P.I. The boy who sang it to me(rather, he tried
to sing it to me) sang it with about three different
tunes mixed up, so I do not know what the real tune
to it is.

LADY JESSE AMHERST

This is a parody on the traditional "Lord Jeffery Amherst"

This parody is sung by men at Williams College, Amherst's rival. The original tune is used, of course, in singing this

Please be shock-proof here, Dr. Thompson.

Oh Lady Jesse Amherst
Was a mistress of the king,
And she came from across the sea.
For the Frenchmen and the Indians,
She wouldn't do a thing,
In the wilds of this wild country.
But for his royal majesty
She (-----) with all her might,
For she was a mistress loyal and true.
And she took on all the courtiers
That came within her sight,
And she looked around for more
When they were through.

Chorus

Oh Amherst, brave Amherst,
'Twas a name known to shame
In days of yore.
She might have been more virtuous,
If ~~she~~ had not been,
A god-damned (-----).

OH, I GAVE HER KISSES ONE, KISSES ONE

Oh, I gave her kisses one, kisses one.
Oh, I gave her kisses one, kisses one.
Oh, I gave her kisses one, and she said she wasn't done.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-2-

Oh, I gave her kisses two, kisses two.
Oh, I gave her kisses two, kisses two.
Oh, I gave her kisses two, and she said I wasn't through.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-3-

Oh, I gave her kisses three, kisses three.
Oh, I gave her kisses three, kisses three.
Oh, I gave her kisses three, and she said that sh loved me.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-4-

Oh, I gave her kisses four, kisses four.
Oh, I gave her kisses four, kisses four.
Oh, I gave her kisses four, and she said she wanted more.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-5-

Oh, I gave her kisses five, kisses five.
Oh, I gave her kisses five, kisses five.
Oh, I gave her kisses five, and she still was much alive.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-6-

Oh, I gave her kisses six, kisses six.
Oh, I gave her kisses six, kisses six.
Oh, I gave her kisses six, and she still did not say, "nix".
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-7-

Oh, I gave her kisses seven, kisses seven.
Oh, I gave her kisses seven, kisses seven.
Oh, I gave her kisses seven, and she said she was in heaven.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-8-

Oh, I gave her kisses eight, kisses eight.
Oh, I gave her kisses eight, kisses eight.
Oh, I gave her kisses eight, and she said it wasn't late.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on.

-9-

Oh, I gave her kisses nine, kisses nine.
Oh, I gave her kisses nine, kisses nine.
Oh, I gave her kisses nine, and she said it was divine.
So I kept on kissin' on, kissin' on. (con't on next page)

Oh, I gave her kisses ten, kisses ten.
Oh, I gave her kisses ten, kisses ten.
Oh, I gave her kisses ten, and she said, "Begin again."
So I said, "I'm goin' home, good-night, please."

This song is sung by Union men to the tune of "Hinky-Dinky Parlez-Vous". Verses are often carried on as far as rhymes can be made for them, but ten is the usual number.

OH! TODAY IS THE DAY WE GIVE BABIES AWAY

This song is to the tune of "A Hell of
an Engineer". It is a favorite at Colgate,
and is sung at many other colleges, though
I believe it is originally Colgate's.

No.

Oh, today is the day we give babies away,
With half a pound of tea.

So if you know any ladies who want any babies,
Just send them around to me.

Singing Phi Delta Theta!

Singing Phi Delta Theta!

Singing Phi Delta Theta!

Phi Delta Theta for Aye!

To the tune of Phi Delt song

GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS!

Glorious, glorious, just one keg of beer for the four
of us.

Glory be to God that they're aint any more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone.

So drink it down, Sigma Nu, drink it down!

So drink it down, Sigma Nu, drink it down!

Oh, Sigma Nu's the best, so to hell with all the rest!

So drink it down, drink it down, Sigma Nu!

University of Middlebury

PUT OUT YOUR SILVER GOBLET

Put out your silver goblet
With the maroon and white on it
And roll in another keg of beer!

Who said beer? (Spoken)
For it's not to college
That we came for knowledge,
But to raise hell while we're here.

This is sung to the tune of "The Old Gray Bonnet".

Obtained from

Edward Haskell

Colgate University '36

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA FRESHMAN SONG

This is sung to the tune of the popular song
of a few years ago "Just a Vagabond Lover".

We are 1938 Freshmen,
But we are not as dumb as we seem,
Though the sophomores may haze us,
We won't let them phaze us,
For we frosh will back up our team.

Then the four years will go by too quickly,
Though some bums may take nine or ten.
But we'll always remember
The time of times,
The four years we spent in the Penn.

Obtained from

Joseph Levene

U. of Pennsylvania '34

HANG JEFF DAVIS ON THE SOUR APPLE TREE

Hang Jeff Davis on the sour apple tree,
Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea.
You're my Annie and I'm your Joe,
Any ice to-day, lady? Whoa!

CHORUS Penn-syl-penn-syl-Pennsylvania.

Penn-syl-penn-syl-Pennsylvania.

Penn-syl-penn-syl-Pennsylvania.

Oh Pennsylvan-i-A.

This is sung to the tune of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Obtained from

Joseph Levene

U. of Pennsylvania '34

"Don't send my girl to Skidmore",
The dying mother said.

"Don't send my girl to Syracuse,
I'd rather see her dead.

Don't send my girl to Vassar,
Or even worse, Cornell.

And as for Cortland Normal School,
I'd see her first in Hell.

CHORUS To hell, to hell with Cortland Normal,
 To hell, to hell with Cortland Normal,
 To hell, to hell with Cortland Normal,
 To hell with C.N.S.

This is sung to the tune of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah".

Obtained from

Ruth Lerman

Cortland Normal School '33

Union has its own version of the preceding song.
It is sung to the same tune, "Glory, Glory Hallelujah".

"Don't send my son to Harvard",
The dying mother said.
"Don't send my son to Eli Yale,
I'd rather see him dead.
Don't send my son to Amherst,
Or even worse, Cornell,
And as for Union College, folks,
I'd see him first in Hell.

CHORUS
To hell, to hell with Union College,
To hell, to hell with Union College,
To hell, to hell with Union College,
To hell with this damn school.

Obtained from

Jack Tinkle

Union College '37

I WILL STILL BE TRUE

When I wake up bright and early,
And your hair is not so curly,
I will still be true.

When I find you are the owner
Of a dirty silk kimono,
I will still be true.

If each morning I'm awakened
By the same old eggs and bacon,
I will still be true--
But not to you!

Obtained from

Rae Lerman Goldstone

Ex-Syracuse '36

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

Another clever variant of "The Old Gray Bonnet" is the Syracuse song which goes like this:

"Put on your old gray bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it,
For the rent is coming due.

And when the boys come over,
And look you over,
If you can't get five, take two.